

# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN.

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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN  
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## AGRICULTURAL.

DIPPING nails into oil will make them drive more easily into hard wood.

STUDY the strainer. In many an unsuccessful milk route the trouble begins there.

GARDENER BUDLONG grew 125 acres of cucumber pickles last season. The crop was marketed in New York.

For early broilers the incubators should be in full blast by this time, but for laying stock April hatching is early enough.

CUCUMBERS are becoming increasingly popular as a green house crop. For the man who thoroughly understands it hardly anything pays better.

No wire strainer made will thoroughly clean milk of hairs and similar substances. Cotton cloth will stop hairs, and several thicknesses are much better than one.

If the apple tree did not make a growth of six to eight inches all over the top in a favorable season like the last something must be the matter with the tree, or the soil.

ACCORDING to Professor Maynard the New York Imperial apple probably has a promising future in New England, although it may not be hardy enough for the three northern states.

A HALF barrel sawed in two lengthwise can be made to serve as a chicken coop. Nail the hoops to the staves before sawing. Make one end of laths. This coop is much better than a whole barrel which is sometimes used.

CUTTING back the top will sometimes renovate an old tree. The roots having less to do will do more vigorously, and will push forward the remaining top into new life. Regrafting has a similar effect for the same reason.

THE handiest house for early chickens is made of boards nailed together A shaped, with a little window at one side, and an entrance at the end. Make a little yard of laths separate, which can be moved up to the entrance of the chicken house.

ONE Massachusetts fruit grower planted about 100 peach trees in his hen yard and has harvested several large crops, but as a general rule, peach trees in such locations are very short lived because of the excess of nitrogen in the soil. Plums and pears are better fruits for the hen yards.

THERE is quite a knack in washing out small milk cans. First immerse them in alkali and warm, not hot, water, and work about a swab inside, paying particular attention to the corners, and rinse in very hot water. The milkman must not trust to customers to wash out the cans or trouble will follow.

## Quality Versus Quantity.

Time and time again we read advice given to farmers to the effect that their principal aim should be to raise the largest possible quantity of fruit or vegetables from a given area. This is good, sound, sensible advice, but if followed literally we fear that the results may sometimes prove disappointing. Quantity is a desirable item on the farm, but unless there is some quality combined with it, it does not cut much of a figure. What farmer would care to gather 300 bushels of small, scabby, unsaleable Irish potatoes, in place of 150 bushels of large, healthy, smooth tubers; yet we are sorry to say that many of them are doing this very thing year after year, and not only with their potatoes, but with their vegetables and fruits as well. Is it a wonder then that we hear so many complaints of hard times and low prices and desires to give up farming for some more (supposed) profitable line of business?

The man who possesses skill enough to double the size of his crops has brains enough to raise farm products that will command the highest market prices, but the only consideration is that he must use those brains to think. There is seldom, if ever, an excess of really fine fruit or vegetables, and the grower who raises such and at the same time continually tries to make his own "just a little better than the best" is never at a loss where to dispose of his products—and at a profit, too.

When you look into the matter from a practical standpoint it is no wonder that there is such striking contrast between the character of the products raised by different farmers. The "ordinary" farmer, if such we may term him, is superficial in his methods. He merely scratches the surface of his soil, which, of course, gives the plant a very limited field for foraging out for food. He leaves lumps and clods in his land, which prevent the free and easy passage of air and water and naturally his crops will suffer more or less during unfavorable weather. His fertilizers, if he applies such, is selected because it is "cheapest," not because it is best suited to his particular soil and crop. As to applying it, that is done in the easiest way and at the most convenient time. It does not occur to him that often the entire success of the crop is dependent upon the manner and time of feeding the plants.

It may be inferred from all this that the care and attention during the growing season will be in keeping with the preliminary preparations, and can we wonder, then, that his balance will be on the "offside" of the ledger, and in striking contrast with his neighbor who, in getting ready for planting, reduces his land to the finest condition possible, so that the air and water can do their good work, and the small rootlets of the plant be unimpeded in their search for needed nourishment.

Another important fact that he bears in mind is that plants of all kinds must have their food in a liquid and not a solid condition. He therefore takes all steps to facilitate this change from the solid to liquid form which must occur before the fertilizers applied can do one particle of good to his crop. He finds that this change is gradual, therefore allows plenty of time for it to occur, and instead of following the common practice of applying fertilizers at planting time, he does so some time before. In the former case, especially in dry seasons, the fertilizers do not become dissolved nor disseminated, and the young crops are deprived of that nourishment at the start which is so necessary to give them a good "send-off." The result is that they are sickly and puny all through the season. On the other hand, when applied sometime during the preceding fall or winter, or where that is not convenient, early in the spring, so as to allow them a good chance to go through that change which has just been described, they furnish sustenance to the crop throughout the growing season, and the result is that a large yield of good, sound, healthy tubers is gathered.

The actions of the different forms of plant food—phosphoric acid, potash

and nitrogen—must be carefully studied, and the latter should be applied in the proper quantities. No rule can be given that will apply to all soils, hence, every farmer has to make a study of the needs of his particular soil and govern himself accordingly.

Again, it is not a wise policy to adopt the plan of applying, for example a given quantity of acid phosphate or bone meal for phosphoric acid, muriate or sulphate of potash, and tankage, blood, or nitrate of soda for nitrogen, year after year without change. It may be that one or the other can be increased or decreased with profit. Still further bear in mind that while you are striving each year to get larger crops and better quality of products, your ultimate aim should be to bring your soil up to the highest notch of fertility. Thorough cultivation, a suitable rotation, and judicious fertilizer will be your greatest aids in accomplishing this end.

M. J. SHELTON.

## Raising Melons.

Those who wish to procure melons in perfection, must be careful, in the first place to procure good seed, secondly to plant them remote from an inferior sort, as well as from cucumbers, squashes, etc., as degeneracy will infallibly be the consequence of inattention to these directions. Seed under the age of two years is apt to run too much to vine, and show only male flowers. Seed twenty years old has been known to grow and make fruitful plants; but seed which has been kept three or four years is quite old enough, and less likely to fail than older.

Some time in May, prepare a piece of rich sandy ground, well exposed to the sun; manure it and give it a good digging, then mark it out into squares of six feet every way; at the angle of every square dig a hole twelve inches deep, and eighteen over, into which put seven inches of very rotten manure with the addition of a carbonated alkali, as the melon draws heavily of this ingredient from the soil; throw on this about four inches of earth and mix the dung and earth well with the spade; after which draw the remainder of the earth over the mixture, so as to form a round hill about a foot broad on top. When the hills are prepared as above, plant in each, toward the center, eight or nine grains of good melon seed, distant two inches from one another, and cover them about half an inch deep. When the plants are up, and in a state of forwardness, producing their rough leaves, they must be thinned to two or three in each hill; draw earth from time to time round the hills, and as high about the plant as the seed leaves; when fit stop them.

This operation should be performed when the plants have two rough leaves, and when the second is about an inch broad, having the first runner-bud rising at its base; the sooner this is detached, the sooner the plants acquire strength and put out fruitful runners. It is done as follows: You will see arising in the centre of the plant, at the bottom of the second rough leaf, the end of the first runner, like a small bud; which bud or runner, being the advancing top of the plant, is now to be taken off close, and may be done either with the point of a pen knife or small scissors, or pinched off carefully with the finger and thumb; but, whichever way you take it off, be careful not to go so close as to wound the joint from whence it proceeds.

As the fruit bearers come into blossom, you may assist the setting of the fruit by impregnating some of the female blossoms with the male flowers. As the fruit increases to the size of a walnut, place a shingle under each to protect it from the damp of the earth. When the fruit of the first crop is off, a second crop may be obtained from the same stools, which often prove more productive than the first. If the first crop is taken before the middle of June, the second will come at a very good time. For this purpose, as soon as the fruit is out, prune the plant. Shorten the vigorous healthy runners at a promising joint, to force out new laterals, cutting about two inches above the joint, at the same time take off all decayed or sickly



THE CRIMSON RAMBLER.

vines and all dead leaves. Stir the surface of the mold, and renew it partially by three inches depth of fresh compost, and water copiously. The composition of the ash of the muskmelon is carbonic acid, 11.55, silica acid, 2.20, phosphoric acid, 25.40, sulphuric acid, 3.90, phosphate of iron, 2.30, lime, 5.85, magnesia, 0.60, potash, 8.35, soda, 34.35, chlorine, 5.20.

## SEEDLESS MELONS.

It is said seedless melons can be produced by burying the vine when three feet long, four inches deep in the ground and one and one-half foot from root of vine, let it remain until it takes root, then cut vine between main root and new root. Melons on vine with new roots will be seedless.

## FATTENING MELONS.

Before the melon has attained its full size, and while in a growing condition, insert one end of a strip of fine cotton cloth, about half an inch wide and three or four inches long, into the stem of the melon, by splitting the stem with a sharp knife, and place the other end of the strip into the neck of a wine bottle filled with water, inclining the bottle so that the water may be absorbed by the string, which acts as a syphon, and the end on the outside of the bottle should be a little lower than that which is within the bottle, and in twenty-four hours the bottle should be refilled as the water will have been imbibed by the melon, and in a week or ten days will have attained its full size. You will then withhold the water to give it a chance to ripen, otherwise it will be quite insipid and unfit to eat.

ANDREW H. WARD.

## A Peach Grower's View.

We note that a bill has lately been filed through Senator Towle of Boston, known as the peach yellows bill. A bill of this kind has been before the Committee on Agriculture the past two years and has not been defeated. In two years there has not been a peach grower in the State to testify for it, and if there is such a large number of petitioners in its favor, where are they and why don't they show up? The growers all feeling able to cope with the trouble. We understand the bill, as presented this year, is for local option in the matter, but we believe this is only a wedge to get the law on the books.

The mover may be sincere in his belief that such a law is needed but the peach growers think it is only another useless commission for the State to pay. It had proved satisfactory in Connecticut, why would it have been abolished there? The mover claims the fruit from a tree that has the yellows is unfit to eat. We all know it is not as good, but whoever heard of it's making any one sick? In my opinion, it is not half as bad as the hundreds of bushels of green apples and other green fruit that is sent to Boston market every year. If there are so many premature peaches shipped to Boston from the adjoining States where this law is in force, and are so injurious to the public health, why does not the Boston board of health look after it? They certainly ought to be competent judges. If the mover of this bill feels so confident such a law is needed, why does he not call a meeting of the peach growers in the State and talk the matter over, and if he can bring evidence to convince them such is the

## Care of Milk on the Farm.

Many dairy farmers are prosperous and have established the fact that the dairy industry can be made to yield good profits, while others, who seem to have the same opportunities for success fail to find the profitable side, says Farmers' Bulletin No. 63. In the endeavor to ascertain the most important cases of failure, expressions of practical men engaged in the different branches of dairy work have been sought. A large number of inquiries were recently sent out from the Dairy Division to butter and cheese makers and others, requesting them to state what part of dairying, in their opinion, is in the greatest need of improvement. The following are some of the replies received:

The delivery of milk by patrons and the proper care of it prior to delivery. Frequently milk is refused on account of its advanced decomposition. (From the manager of a creamery.)

The care and handling of milk on the farm and until it gets to the creamery. (From a butter maker.)

The careful handling of milk and its delivery to the factory in good condition. (From the salesman of a cheese factory.)

Care and handling of milk before it gets to the creamery or cheese factory. (From an operator.)

Taking care of the milk before it gets to the creamery. (From a farmer.)

Handling the milk from the time it leaves the cow until it is put onto the train. (From a milk dealer.)

Very few replies referred to the chemical composition of the milk or to the amount of butter fat it contained. Milk that is poor in fat naturally, or because it has been adulterated by skimming or watering, does not now give the butter or cheese maker much concern. Since the introduction of the fat test and the system of paying for the amount of fat delivered instead of for the bulk of milk there is no strong temptation to water or skim.

On a large proportion of dairy farms many of the fundamental principles which should be observed in producing pure milk are almost entirely overlooked. This is usually due to lack of appreciation of their importance more than to intentional neglect. In most cases bad conditions are promptly improved when their dangers are known. Special knowledge is as necessary in conducting the dairy as in other occupations. When one understands something of the sciences affecting dairying, the changes in milk cease to be mysterious, unexplainable phenomena, and the work connected with the dairy, instead of being unprofitable, uncertain, and monotonous, as some consider it, may become profitable, interesting and instructive.

The value of milk when it is delivered to the factory depends largely on the care it has received previous to delivery, and its condition as well as its fat content should influence the price paid for it. Every dairyman knows that the handling of milk the first few hours after it has come from the cow has a great influence on its quality and the quality of the products made from it. The care of milk seems a simple matter, but better methods in our dairies are of the greatest importance to the success and reputation of American dairying.

It is to the interest of every patron of a creamery or cheese factory that the milk used shall be the best and purest that can be produced. Anyone who increases his monthly check by adulterating his milk, accepts payment for what he did not deliver, and is stealing that amount from others to whom it belongs, but anyone who delivers badly contaminated milk to a creamery does even worse. His milk may spoil the entire production of the day, and thus largely decrease the returns to every patron. Butter and cheese makers should absolutely refuse to accept milk that is tainted or unfit for use; they must do this in justice to themselves and to patrons who deliver good milk.

The attempt has sometimes been made to estimate the losses caused by skimming and watering, and enormous amounts are named, but it is not believed that these nearly equal the losses

caused by taints or changes in the milk due to neglect. In contracts and agreements the expression "pure milk" should not be taken to mean simply milk having a normal chemical composition, but freedom from all unnecessary contamination; the word pure should be understood in its broadest sense.

## Market Gardening Secrets.

MANY beginners in market gardening suppose that the leaders in the business possess important trade secrets which they carefully guard from the public. This idea is encouraged by some of the leaders who make an appearance of holding back information when approached by inquirers. With a few crops, there is no doubt a certain amount and kind of information which cannot be very readily obtained for the asking, and there are certain strains of seeds which are carefully kept in the hands of a few growers. But with these exceptions it is believed that the needed information can be obtained by one who really wants it. Many growers who rank with the first in the production of the staple outdoor and green house crops are ready to answer fully and courteously any question which a beginner may ask, and to relate their solution of the various problems which constantly occur. A grower who has probably known no superior in the Boston district, as far as practical knowledge of green house crops is concerned, declares that the day has gone by for trade secrets in gardening, and that there is no one who cannot easily find out as much as he knows himself, so far as a theoretical knowledge is concerned. Practice, of course, is a very different thing. A beginner who has been fully told everything that can be told about the business will still fall very far short of being a competent gardener. The thousands of details and fine points, all of which vary considerably according to special circumstances, must be picked up by experience, and experience only will enable the grower to deal with the various contingencies that arise. Hence, while there is nothing to prevent a beginner from learning all that others can teach, he must from the nature of the case teach himself for the most part. No amount of theory will go very far without brains, experience and common sense. There is no royal road to gardening.

THE veteran poultryman, W. H. Rudd, recently remarked that if he were a young man and had 400 hens he was sure he could make them net him \$1,000 a year doing all the work himself.

JANUARY thaws often reveal leaky places in the roof, and especially near the gutters and chimneys. A convenient preparation for patching a roof is made from coal tar and sifted coals mixed about as thick as mortar. Spread the mixture over the leaky places.

WINTER pruning of orchard trees will take a great deal of time if thoroughly done. Take out the wood that seems to be in the way and that of which the fruit cannot be reached by sunlight. Pear trees are much neglected. The best growers prune them considerably, removing many small branches every year or two.

A subscriber asks if there is any money in selling milk at 27 cents per can six months in the year and 25 cents per can for the other six months, when he can to buy all his grain and about one-half of his hay. We should say that it is doubtful if he made anything, but if he should put in a silo and kept every cow up to the standard, there would be some money in it. We know of one farmer that buys all his grain and hay and sells his milk to a contractor and makes a good paying business monthly. His cattle are fed at just such an hour and watered in their stalls with running water, slightly warm, and every cow has to come up to just such a standard. In this way he gets a good return for money invested.



















## THE HOUSEHOLD.

## HER NAME.

Such a wee, mischievous lassie!  
It tries one's patience quite  
To watch the child. She cannot do  
A single thing just right.  
"Kitty, don't say that, dear!"  
"Oh, Kitty, don't do so!"  
These are the words that greet her  
Wherever she may go.

When, just at dusk, one evening,  
She climbed upon my knee,  
In playful mood I asked her name.  
"Why, Kitty, course," said she,  
"Yes, Kitty; but the rest, dear?"  
She hung her curly head—  
The rogue!—for just a moment:  
Then "Kitty Don't," she said.

—St. Nicholas.

## MOTHER NATURE'S CRADLES.

"Rock-a-bye baby, on the tree top;  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
Down will come baby, cradle and all."

Just about this time, high in the bare tree-tops, some little cradles are being rocked by that rather rough old fellow, North Wind, who brings from his great cave in the Northland troops of merry, dancing fairies, dressed in white.

"Old Jack Frost is here once again!" He comes every winter, you know; he comes. But we're bony and bold, and we don't mind the cold.

And we welcome the sleet and the ice and the snow;  
And we welcome the ice and the snow.  
Old Jack Frost plays a rough sort of a game  
With the children, wherever he goes;  
He punches the cheeks and the noses and toes,  
And he treats very hard on the ten smallest ones.

The boys and girls have their warm clothes and warm houses, but what of the many little insects out of doors? If we should start out to look them up we would find some under the loose bark of trees, some under logs, stones, etc., but most we could not find at all, for they pass away with the coming of cold weather, leaving behind their well-protected eggs, which the cold does not seem to affect. Many we may find if our eyes are sharp, but so wrapped up that nothing can be seen of the insects themselves.

Most insects pass through three distinct stages of development. The first is called the larva. The larva may be either a caterpillar, grub or maggot—these are the baby insects, just as they come from the eggs, and are very different in every way from the parent insect which deposits the eggs.

The second stage is called the pupa, or chrysalis, and from the chrysalis comes the perfect insect.

Some of the most familiar insects wisely choose the winter season as the best in which to pass through the second, or inactive, stage of their existence, when no food is required.

In the latter part of September and during October, those who take walks in the country, or through the parks, may have observed the large, green, coral dotted caterpillars, or worms as they are called, feeding upon the leaves of the trees and shrubs. They are usually found on the willows and maples. The elder-tree is also a favorite feeding-ground. This is the larva or caterpillar of the common brown moth, which most of the children know so well as one of the first messengers of spring. These caterpillars are hatched from the eggs during July, and at once begin to store the food which must last all winter, hence the devastation of our trees and shrubs.

When the caterpillar has reached its full size it selects a good place upon some twig, and begins at once to wrap around itself the threads spun from its own body. This forms what is known as the cocoon, which you are all familiar with. They are found attached to twigs of trees at this season of the year. All winter the cocoons swing and swing with the strong, cold winds which do not seem to penetrate the closely woven blanket of silk.

We cannot describe the wonderful changes which are going on so quietly inside the brown sheath—that is one of nature's secrets. But in March or April the warm spring winds awaken the slumbering insect, and forth it comes in all its beauty of color and form—a perfect moth. In a home which was kept uniformly warm during the winter such a moth came out of its cocoon near Christmas time. This moth belongs to the night world of insects.

The moth usually lives from five days to two weeks. It does not eat, and in fact, seems to have no tongue. After depositing her eggs the parent insect dies.

All caterpillars have a peculiar fashion of shedding their coats. This they do several times during their lives, often coming forth fresh and fine, often quite different in color though the distinctive markings are preserved. The last cast is made before leaving the chrysalis (which is inside the cocoon) and when they come forth we are amazed to find that the whole character of the creature has been changed. It no longer eats the same food; all its habits are changed.

An error which is quite common is made in calling all the crawling things which we see worms. As a matter of fact most of the crawling things which we see in the fall are caterpillars whether they are hairy or not.

A more familiar kind is the common brown woolly worm, or hedgehog caterpillar—the common caterpillar. This is one of the few insects which pass the winter in the caterpillar state.

During April it retires into its cocoon, a loose affair formed of its own hairs interwoven with coarse silk. The cocoons may nearly always be found in places similar to those in which it spent the winter snugly curled up into a sort of ball. About the last of June the adult moth breaks forth. It is of medium size, dull orange in color, with three rows of black spots in the wings. It is called the Isabella tiger moth.

The spinning organs of caterpillars consist of two long sacs situated on the side of the body and having a common opening on the lower lip. The web of the spider comes from the web sacs in liquid form and hardens when it comes in contact with the air, and this is probably true of the web of the caterpillar, as it would be almost impossible to secrete the material in the hardened form.

Beneath the loose bark of trees, under logs, planks, stones and similar places,

many of the small caterpillars spend the winter in the pupa or chrysalis state; some spin cocoons before they change their caterpillar coats for the strange looking chrysalis, and some do not. The cocoon is merely an outer wrapping to shelter and protect the chrysalis, and some of those caterpillars which do not spin cocoons go down under the ground. Common among the latter is the large, green tomato or potato worm, with a horn on its tail and white, oblique stripes on its sides. Like the others it sheds its coat several times, and the last change before the final one leaves it with a handsome bronze coat striped the same as before.

The moth which comes from this chrysalis is very large, measuring about five inches across the extended wings. It is gray in color with black markings. On each side of the body are five black circled orange spots, which give it the name of Fire Spotted Sphinx. It flies and feeds at night. An interesting feature of this moth is its very long tongue, which when uncoiled, is five or six inches in length.

This moth is very different in form from the caterpillar. It belongs to the family of hawk moths, which resemble humming birds somewhat in form.

Late in the summer there are many dainty little brown, harmless looking moths, flitting about, particularly numerous in the vicinity of fruit trees. These are the parents of the mischievous little apple worm. There are two crops of these insects within the year, those which we saw several weeks ago being the adults of the second crop. The first brood comes out about the time of the apple blossoms, having spent the winter in the larval or caterpillar state. In the early spring they change into brown chrysalis, and shortly after the moths appear.

When the young fruit is forming the mother moth lays her eggs in the eye or blossom end of the apple, one egg to each. As she has about fifty eggs to deposit one insect does considerable damage. The eggs hatch in about a week, and the small caterpillars begin at once to eat their way into the apple, blighting it so it falls to the ground; these are known as wind falls. When they fall the caterpillar makes his way out, attaches himself to the bark, and spins a cocoon. Two weeks are required for this change.

Caterpillars may be distinguished from worms by observing these three general points. In caterpillars the head is distinct from the body; the body is divided into segments or rings, always twelve in number, and they have legs, the number varying.

There is often some confusion between moths and butterflies. Most moths are nocturnal in their habits, and the antennae are usually feathery, while in butterflies the antennae are slender and clubbed and the insect flies and feeds by day. The body of the moth is larger and heavier than that of the butterfly and when at rest the wings are horizontal or slightly inclined, while the butterfly's are perpendicular.

—Margaret Arnold in Child Garden.

## BABY GOES TO SLEEPY TOWN.

Baby goes to Sleepy Town a dozen times a day. But foolish little Baby-heart can never find the way.

Mother has to go along, and lead her by the hand  
All the way through Drowsy Lane and on to  
Slumber Land.

Oh, my little Baby-heart, learn the way to go!  
Mother has such lots to do, she can't run to and  
fro.

Mother, dear, I never saw the way to Sleepy  
Town.  
Don't you know, my eyes are shut before you  
lay me down.

## THE HOME CORNER.

## FREE PATTERN.

By special arrangements with the BAZAR GLOVE-FITTING PATTERNS CO., we are able to supply our readers with the Bazar Glove-Fitting Patterns at very low cost. It is acknowledged by every one that these patterns are the simplest, most economical and most reliable patterns published. Full directions accompany each pattern, and our lady readers have been invariably pleased with them in the past. The coupon below must accompany each order, otherwise the pattern will cost the full price.

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Cut this out, fill in your name, address, number and size of pattern desired, and mail it to:  
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Name .....  
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Enclose ten cents to pay expenses.



7281-Ladies' Russian Shirt Waist.

The popularity of the shirt waist is assured. Whatever other styles may come or go it varies only in detail. The design shown is often the latest mode and includes the favorite one-sided effect. The back includes a double-pointed yoke to which the full portion is stitched, the fulness being brought down in gathers at the waist line. The right-front laps well over the left, and is finished by a narrow frill and a

stitched band in which are worked the button-holes by means of which the closing is effected. The fulness of both fronts is collected in gathers at the shoulders and at the neck, and is drawn down to the waist line where it is stitched firmly to a belt. The fitting is accomplished by means of shoulder seams and under-arm gores so rendering the waist exceptionally trim and snug. The sleeves are one-seamed and gathered at both the arm's-eyes and the wrists where they are finished with straight cuffs. The collar, as illustrated, is of white linen buttoned on, and worn with a string tie, but one of the material can be substituted if preferred. At the waist is worn a belt of leather. To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require three and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material. The pattern, No. 7281, is cut in sizes for a 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 42-inch bust measure. With coupon, 10 cents.



7289-Ladies' Round Skirt. 7274-Ladies' Flare Skirt with Sheath Yoke.

The popular fancy for cloth is here exemplified in stone-gray tastefully trimmed with black velvet, worn with a hat of gray and black, and gray gloves. The waist, which makes a graceful change from the blouse, is made over a fitted lining that closes at the centre-front and includes smooth-fitting under-arm gores. The hand-some vest, which is of velvet embroidered with jet, is attached to the lining at the right side and hooks over on to the left beneath the cloth front which is invisibly hooked into place. The bretelles, collar and belt are all of velvet made over stiff foundations, and the collar closes at the left side where it is finished by frills of black lace. The sleeves are two-seamed and snug to the shoulder where they are finished with small puffs. They are cut in square tabs at the wrists and edged with narrow velvet bands, while frills of lace fall over the hands. The flare skirt delineates one of the latest styles, and one that will be popular during the coming season. The trimming, which is velvet to match the bodice, is cut in bias bands and stitched along each edge.

The upper portion, or deep yoke, is shaped with a front gore that fits closely to the figure, its sides being joined to circular portions that meet in a bias seam at the centre-back. Two back-ward-turning, over-lapping side-laps arrange the fulness at the top in such a manner as to completely conceal the placket formed at the centre-back seam.

A two-inch hem finishes the lower edge to which is stitched the flaring lower portion of skirt that is cut in circular shape, hemmed and decorated to match the upper portion. Each portion of the skirt should be lined throughout and the hems firmly stitched, the tops of lower portion being included in the stitching of the upper hem. Any style of decoration preferred may be employed, or a double row of stitching will provide an appropriate finish in tailor style. Firmly woven textures in serge, cloth, armour, chevrot and other dress fabrics are commended for skirts in this style.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require two and one-fourth yards of forty-four inch material. The pattern, No. 7289, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. The skirt will require four and five-eighths yards of the same width goods. The pattern, No. 7274, is cut in sizes for a 28, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure. With coupon, each pattern 10 cents.

Nearly one-third of our lives is passed in bed—or, at least, should be—hence the vital necessity of well-cared-for sleeping rooms. The ideal bed-room contains no carpet to catch dust and create a stuffy atmosphere. Either the floor is bare of everything but rugs or it is covered with matting, rugs be-



The Ambitious Wife.

The ambitious wife always wants to please her husband and family with good food, but it is no task if she uses

Gold Medal Flour

It never fails in bread, pies, pastries, etc. Always white and well flavored and a barrel goes farther than any other kind. Your grocer keeps it. Have no other.

ing used or not, as desired, says the Decorator.

The beds receive a daily airing, the rooms being well ventilated before the beds are again made ready for occupancy. To throw the bed coverings down over the foot of the bed only to pull them again to place in a few minutes, does not properly air the bed. Every article should be taken from the bed and laid out on chairs in a current of air to be left for an hour. Pillows should also be aired but not in the sun, which causes feathers to give off an objectionable odor.

The mattress should be turned daily, and at the end and then side for side, thus insuring an equal wear to every part. Mattresses are usually either of fibre, cotton and fibre or of hair, the last making the most luxurious bed, expensive in its first cost but cheapest in the end. Home-made beds are rarely satisfactory, evenness of filling being requisite to comfort, a thing hardly possible with a loose filling of husks, straw or feathers. Every part of the body should be supported equally if true rest is to be the result. Twice a year mattresses should be taken into the open air and gently beaten on both sides to remove the dust. After beating a mattress, it should be carefully swept with a small white broom to remove all dust that may have accumulated at the tackings. If the mattress has become untacked by this vicious treatment, it should be retacked at once, using a mattress needle, which may be purchased at little cost for the purpose. When a mattress has seen so much service that its surface shows permanent depressions, it should be made over by a reliable upholsterer. This is sometimes done at the home of the owner to insure the same hair being used. Amateur work in this line is seldom worth while. When there is sufficient hair filling, a thick mattress, loose and soft, is much better than a thinner one into which the same hair is more closely packed. Mattresses are made in two pieces nowadays, one piece being a perfect square while a narrow piece is fitted at the foot.

Wire springs should always be covered, coarse, unbleached cotton making durable protectors for the mattress. Double-width sheeting is the best spring covers. Without a cover over the wires, rust and black marks on the mattresses are inevitable.

Bedsteads should be substantial and yet easy to take apart, and the springs should receive an occasional dusting. The choice of a pillow largely depends upon the tastes and habits of the user. The nursery pillow is filled with hair, is very thin and is covered with a linen pillow-case. This insures a coolness so grateful to feverish little heads, whether in winter or in summer. In feather pillows a small, thin pillow is much better than a large thick one, but when the person cannot sleep with the head low, the full pillow is a necessity. Pillows may be cleaned by the amateur as well as by the professional.

Choose a clear, dry day, and after beating out all the dust from the pillows, wash them (without removing the feathers) in a tub of water with a strong infusion of ammonia, rinsing and renewing the ammonia until clear water comes from the pillows when put through the wringer. They should be fastened lengthwise on the clothes line, as this insures an even distribution of feathers. This is the one occasion when pillows may be hung in the sun, for when wet the oil in the feathers is not drawn out by the heat. When the ticking is dry the pillows should be hung in the shade, and when dry throughout they should be shaken and whipped to lighten the feathers.

Feather pillows may be used for pillows and cushions if they are properly cleaned. An expert in this work advises the following: Allow one pound of quick-lime to each gallon of water. Let this stand until the undissolved lime is precipitated; then pour off the liquid. Place the feathers in a tub, add the lime water, covering to a depth of three inches and stirring the feathers with a stick until all sink to the bottom of the tub. Let them stand in the water four days. Then lift them out into a sieve, drain well and pour over clear water until they are thoroughly rinsed. Have a net with large meshes suspended from two rails across a sunny room. Under the net spread an old sheet. Put the feathers into the net and shake it occasionally as they dry, thus shaking the dry feathers into the sheet beneath; when all are dry, place them in layers on paper in a mild heat. Store them in a thin bag until as many are collected as are required.

Th: a-rite bedstead is that made of brass, but if the care of the brass is not understood, this piece of furniture will not long be a delight to the eye. No polishing liquid or powder should be used on it, rubbing with a soft rag sufficing to keep it bright. If the lacquer is broken by the use of powder, it will be almost impossible to keep the brass in good condition. The lacquer with which these bedsteads is finished is intended to protect the brass from tarnishing and should not be disturbed.

While candidly admitting that in baking and cooking the scales play no prominent part in our household, we would emphasize the suggestion that housewives everywhere avail themselves of the manifold advantages of having "scales in the kitchen" says a correspondent of the Ohio Farmer. The price of purchase is as nothing at all compared with the gain in weights received as soon as it is known by one's grocer that every package is carefully weighed when taken home and before it is opened, and the packages of home-rendered lard, of butter and fruit products are as carefully weighed and noted down before offered at his counter. Many among us have reason for doubting the entire honesty of our tradesmen, and in many instances their honor has been put to the test and found sadly wanting. When the grocer deliberately makes the statement that in such hard times as the past few years have been a merchant cannot afford to be honest, and that if he is honest he cannot live, it is time for farmers to make themselves certain as to the measures and weights that are dealt out to them. A few years ago, when making butter for customers, "The Little Detective" was always upon the kitchen work-

table. But we were given a lesson or two that opened our eyes before we were induced to go to the expense of getting scales. Upon one occasion when a package of sugar had been done up for us, and supposedly a half-dollar's worth, we remarked that the package looked unusually small. Knowing what amount of sugar we should have for the price, and the amount that other grocers in the village were giving or at least pretending to give, we remarked that upon getting home we should weigh the package, as we had reliable, perfectly adjusted scales right at hand, kept for just such purposes. The merchant hesitated, flushed and stammered a few incoherent words, and proceeded to put up another package containing nearly two pounds of sugar, and this he laid down upon the first. We took it and found the two made the weight correct.

The housewife should purchase goods where she can do the best. If certain articles are to be had for a few cents less at one place than at another, it is not policy to avail oneself of all such opportunities to save nickels and dimes? The farmer is too apt to take for granted that the merchant whom he has traded with longest will do the best by him or his family, and insists upon the entire bill of goods being bought at one place. He fears the merchant may not be pleased if he finds him buying elsewhere, and that some time, needing an accommodation in the way of "trust," he may be denied it. But we think it a poor policy indeed to confine one's self to any one merchant and his prices. Dimes and dollars are often lost in this way that might just as well have been saved.

An occasional trip to some not far away city for the purpose of doing a large bill of trading is oftentimes advisable, and in a two-fold way. Not only can money be saved, but one gains many points of valuable information from observation, and the car ride and change from country and village to city streets and bustle is beneficial, though one is very ready to exchange it at nightfall for the quiet of the home life again. Such is my experience at least. Veritable bargains, as compared with the small-town prices for goods, are found, and in every instance money is saved. Discount prices are not so commonly found in grocery lists and lines, except now and then in some few specialties. But in dry goods it is thoroughly surprising, and in goods of all description that are necessary, or at least very desirable, there is much that is worth seeking.

Corn Dodgers.—Use what is known in New England as Rhode Island corn meal, fine and white, but not granulated. Barely dampen it with boiling water; then add sufficient cold milk to make a dough that can be molded. Take up a tablespoonful and shape it

into oblong cakes nearly an inch thick in the center, and tapering at the ends. Put them on a greased pan and bake in a hot oven about half an hour. Use one teaspoonful of salt to a cup of meal.—American Kitchen Magazine.

Ham Brine No. 1.—Eight gallons water, eight quarts salt, three quarts molasses sugar, three-quarter pounds saltpeter. No. 2.—To one hundred pounds meat.—Eight gallons water, eight pounds salt, five pounds brown sugar, five ounces saltpeter.

These recipes have been used for years, and are both good says a correspondent of the Country Gentleman. Small hams should not be left in the brine more than four weeks, and bacon the same length of time, but large hams for six weeks.

Corn Dodgers.—One cup granulated corn meal, three-quarters of a cup boiling water, one-half cup cold sweet milk, one heaped teaspoon sugar, one level teaspoon salt. Mix the salt and sugar with the milk, pour the boiling water over the mixture, and when thoroughly scalded, add the cold milk gradually and stir well. The dough should be sufficiently stiff to retain its shape without spreading, when placed on a griddle. Put a piece of butter the size of a pea upon the griddle where the cake is to be placed, and as soon as it melts, drop a spoonful of dough upon it. Fill the griddle in this manner with cakes, and when they are browned on the under side, place a bit of butter upon each of them, turn them over, and gently press as close to the griddle as possible with a knife. After they are browned, transfer them to a baking pan, and finish in a hot oven. Or they

may be baked wholly in the oven, which should be moderate, and the longer they bake the better.—Mr. Evans.

Cream Dainties.—Line "patty pans" with short, crisp pie-crust, pressing the edges with a fork to give a crinkly appearance; bake in a quick oven. When cold fill with the following cream. Place one pint rich milk where it will boil. Beat one cup sugar and one-half cup flour together with the whites of two well-beaten eggs; stir into milk when it boils, and flavor with lemon or vanilla. To this add a meringue and set in the oven a moment to harden. Just before serving add a fresh strawberry or bit of bright jelly to the centre of each.

You can help your fellow-men. But the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.—Phillips Brooks.

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"I would tear a man limb from limb if I saw him a-tryin' to flirt with you."

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## OUR HOMES.

## HER FACE.

Scant beauty Nature gave her; in disguise,  
Rugged and harsh she bade her go about,  
With face unlovely, save the dark, sad eyes  
From which her fearless soul looked bravely  
out.

But life took up the chisel, used her face  
To carve with its chisel, as a sculptor would;  
It wrought a little while, and lo! a grace  
Fell as a sunbeam falls upon a rock.

Across her soul a heavy sorrow swept,  
As tidal waves sweep sometimes o'er the  
land,  
Leaving her face when back it e-bled and crept  
Tranquil and purified, like tide-washed sand.

And of her face her gentleness grew part,  
And all her holy thoughts left their  
trace;  
A great love found its way within her heart,  
Its root was there, its blossom in her face.

So, when Death came to set the sweet soul free  
From the poor body that was never fair,  
We watched the face and marvelled much to  
see  
How life had carved for Death an angel  
there.

—Selected.

WHAT 'BIJAH HAWKINS  
FOUND.

BY J. H. MEAD.

"And how are your folks, Adzette?"  
said Mrs. Abijah Hawkins to her caller,  
Miss Adzette Dobbs, after having an-  
swered a similar inquiry.

"Well, I suppose we can't complain,  
June. Pa Dobbs ain't what he was; he  
has to sit all day without usin' his  
eyes, and, land o' goodness! I don't get  
a single minute till after supper so's I  
can read the paper to him. Then, you  
know, Aunt 'Phoebe's didgety about  
dranghts; if she had her way the  
house'd be like an oven, and she goes  
'round the room pickin' at pa 'cause  
he's got in the habit of sittin' in her big  
chair by the fire; the one that Uncle  
Silas bought down to John Townsend's  
auction. I keep pretty well, though,  
and my lame shoulder ain't bothered me  
since I gave up the washin'."

"Exactly what I told 'Bijah. I said  
when Adzette Dobbs gave up her wash-  
in' she'd soon forget that there was  
such a thing as a lame shoulder. 'Bijah  
said—"

"But at this point Mrs. Hawkins  
stopped in some confusion, for she re-  
membered that 'Bijah had said like  
Dobbs would finger half a dollar for  
some time 'fore he'd give it up for hired  
washin', with a pair of strong arms like  
Adzette's in the house. Her hesitation  
was hardly noticeable, however, for an-  
other of 'Bijah's sayings quickly came  
to her aid, and she continued,—

"'Bijah said if I could manage with-  
out a girl this winter he'd get me a new  
silk, and you know, Adzette, that my  
old one is too shabby now for anything  
except second best; so I told him I'd  
try it, if he'd let me have the washing  
done."

"Mary Finnigan said she was comin'  
to your place to wash last week," re-  
turned Miss Dobbs, "and when I heard  
it, I said right out plain that I was glad  
that 'Bijah Hawkins had given in at  
last; for I do think, June, that it was a  
shame for you to have that big wash on  
your hands, and 'Bijah just as well  
able to have it done as Pa Dobbs is,  
every body."

This last remark Miss Dobbs em-  
phasized by a determined shake of her head  
and a straightening of her small body,  
as though she hoped the energetic pat-  
tern might convey to the offending  
'Bijah, who was just passing the win-  
dow, some sense of his shortcoming in  
the matter under discussion.

The Dobbs and Hawkins families had  
been intimate for years; to be known  
Abijah Hawkins as Miss Adzette Dobbs  
knew him well; but being aware of his  
dominant trait would have been impos-  
sible, and it was not in her nature to  
spread the mantle of charity over the  
failings of any, much less over 'Bijah's,  
for the man's prevailing characteris-  
tic was a grasping closeness which to her  
was an unparadise sin.

To Adzette's last statement Mrs.  
Hawkins made no immediate reply.  
She was a woman of meek tempera-  
ment, seldom given to self-assertion  
and disposed to yield rather than con-  
tested disputed points. Yet in some way  
she had understood by herself, and had  
managed to live peaceably and in com-  
parative comfort with her husband, a  
man whose name was a synonym for  
tight-fistedness and irritability of tem-  
per as well.

What luxuries the grudging, though  
well-to-do 'Bijah doled out to his wife  
were obtained by her usually at the ex-  
pense of some concession of equal value  
as in the case of the silk dress.

By this transaction, 'Bijah figured,  
much to his satisfaction, and he was saving  
the difference between the cost of the  
dress and the added expense of help;  
but as Mrs. Hawkins felt fully able to  
take charge of household matters that  
winter, provided the washing was taken  
off her hands and as she had long de-  
sired the possession

of the new silk, it was not the only  
one gratified by the bargain. If he had  
suspected that Mrs. Hawkins, in her  
quiet way, had thus obtained a coveted  
addition to her wardrobe, and one  
which he never would have consented  
to buy outright, his perverse disposition  
would have rebelled and the purchase  
would never have been made; but, like  
all narrow, self-centred men, he was too  
well satisfied with himself to admit the  
possibility of being outdone in shrewd-  
ness, particularly by his wife.

"Now, Adzette," said a new silence,  
Mrs. Hawkins in reply, after a short silence,  
"of course I know that 'Bijah might  
be—"

But at this point she was interrupted  
by 'Bijah's entrance.

"Good afternoon, Adzette. Come in  
to see if you'd heard that Tom Miner's  
house was to be sold at auction to-mor-  
row?"

"Old Miser Tom's house sold?" re-  
plied Miss Dobbs. "Well, I never!  
Who'd buy it, I want to know? Tain't  
good for anything but old wood."

"Maybe it ain't an 'maybe' it is," said  
'Bijah, mysteriously. "It wouldn't sur-  
prise me to hear that enough's been  
found somewhere about that house to  
more'n pay for old Tom's buryin'."

"Well," said Miss Dobbs, as 'Bijah  
left the room, "I know they do say that  
old Tom had money once, and lost the

most of it years ago, helpin' his brother  
Amos out of some trouble he had when  
he was cashier of the Hadleyville Bank.  
That's the only good he ever did,  
though, for a more shiftless, good-for-  
nothing miser never lived."

This speech had been mainly a mono-  
logue, for Mrs. Hawkins had followed  
'Bijah from the room. When she re-  
turned, it could plainly be seen that she  
had been crying.

"Jane Hawkins, you've been cryin',  
and I want to know what's the matter,"  
demanded the irrepressible Miss Dobbs.

"It's nothing, Adzette," replied Mrs.  
Hawkins, "only you know what store  
I set by my cellar, and now, just after  
getting it all to rights, with nice, new  
hanging shelves for my preserves,

'Bijah's going to buy that hole-down  
house of Miner's and pile that dirty  
wood all over my clean floor. I declare  
it is provoking to have that old stuff  
tumbled pell-mell about my shelves. He  
gets it at what he calls a bargain, but I  
believe it's hardly fit for kindlings."

At this recital of 'Bijah's latest un-  
derstanding of feminine privilege Miss Dobbs  
delivered some very forcible remarks  
about men in general and Abijah Haw-  
kins in particular, at the same time  
consoling her listener with sundry of  
her own experiences, and recounting  
the trials of Ma Dobbs and Uncle Silas  
Merritt's wife, after which she took her  
leave.

Mrs. Hawkins' tearful remembrance  
availed nought with 'Bijah. He at-  
tended the auction and bought the mis-  
er's house as it stood for something  
over twenty dollars, and with the assist-  
ance of a carpenter the building was  
torn down and the timbers carried to  
the cellar of his own house. The pre-  
cautions he had taken, however, in de-  
molishing the building, betrayed the  
secret of its purchase, and soon the  
story was told from end to end of the  
Four Corners that 'Bijah had bought it  
expecting to find a hoard of money  
which the old miser had secreted. So  
ran the talk of the village, but 'Bijah  
heeded it not. To his wife alone he be-  
trayed an altered demeanor, and at  
times became quite sociable—for him.

"Jane," said he one night, as they sat  
together before the fire, "did I ever  
tell you why I bought old Tom's  
house?"

"You've heard Adzette say that the  
neighbors were talkin' down at Wyck-  
off's store about my buyin' it, and that  
they said Tom had told me there was  
money in it, haven't you?"

"Adzette told me Sam Wyckoff said  
that."

"Well, he ain't far wrong an' he ain't  
just right, neither. And now I'm goin'  
to tell you what ain't known to a livin'  
soul but me," continued 'Bijah, glanc-  
ing furtively around as though to assure  
himself that they were alone. "The  
night Tom died I was ridin' home from  
Hadleyville, and I was passin' his  
house I saw him fall, goin' up them  
rickety steps of his. I got out and  
helped him on to his bed. He was mum-  
blin' somethin' about money and the  
Hadleyville bank. After a few minutes  
he kinder roused up and whispered, 'It  
was good of you, 'Bijah, to help me in  
to my bed. If I had anything to give,  
I'd want you to have it. They say I've  
got money hid in the floor beams, but  
they lie. I did have some once, but it's  
all gone. There's nothin' hid in the  
beams, 'Bijah. He then fell over on  
the bed and died. An' from what I  
knew of Tom Miner, I was an' I  
bought 'em. What's there is goin' to  
be found, too," he emphatically con-  
cluded, while an aversive light  
gleamed in his small eyes.

Mrs. Hawkins was not surprised by  
'Bijah's disclosure, and though she did  
not wholly credit the existence of the  
hidden money she could not forbear  
speculating upon the possibilities of its  
discovery. Tom Miner's history she  
knew, and she had been possessed of  
considerable money, but had parted  
with the bulk of it in coming to the re-  
scue of his only brother, who years be-  
fore, had been convicted of grave irregu-  
larities in the management of the  
Hadleyville Bank, of which he was the  
cashier. The dishonesty of his brother,  
and his own loss in consequence, were  
blows from which Thomas Miner never  
recovered, and, disheartened and alone  
in the world, he became more and more  
neglectful of his attire and surroundings  
until he fully merited the appellation  
which the Four Corners had bestowed  
upon him. That he possessed money se-  
creted about the house was the common  
belief, and 'Bijah's faith in it had been  
confirmed by the last utterance of the  
poor old man. Presently, 'Bijah again  
spoke.

"If Tom's pile comes to what I think  
it will, Jane, you can have your new  
silk right away, and the Perkins girl  
can help you through the winter, if you  
want her."

"That will be very good of you, 'Bijah,  
though I think you will not find the  
money," replied Mrs. Hawkins, ris-  
ing.

"If there ain't anything found, it'll be  
an end to that hired girl question, you  
can bet," said 'Bijah to himself, as his  
wife left the room.

The pile of beams in the cellar was  
daily lowered by 'Bijah's systematic  
work with saw and axe. To the large  
floor timbers he gave the most attention  
sawing them into short lengths and  
then cautiously splitting them through  
the centre. Every mark and splinter  
of plan was scrutinized with eager  
eyes, for he felt that the money must  
be hidden in some place hollowed out  
of the big beams.

Thus passed a week or more; but one  
afternoon, as Adzette Dobbs and Mrs.  
Hawkins were discussing an approach-  
ing church social, they were startled  
by a crash, followed by a loud excla-  
mation. The noise came from the cellar.  
Mrs. Hawkins ran to the door, but be-  
fore she reached it in rushed 'Bijah,  
wildly excited.

"Jane, I've look here! Old Tom's  
money! He'd chiselled out a place in  
one of the floor beams big enough to  
hold all this," waving a package of dirty  
bank notes in the air, "an' I sawed  
right into the edge of 'em! See!"

Then, turning to Miss Dobbs, he con-  
tinued,—

"Sam Wyckoff'll think it ain't such a  
bad bargain, after all, Adzette. There's  
a neber-chick nor kin to claim it, and  
old Tom told me he wanted to give me

something for helping him when he was  
sick, too."

News of this importance needed no  
repetition before Miss Dobbs, and before  
night the Four Corners knew that 'Bi-  
jah Hawkins had been rewarded for his  
purchase by finding a large amount of  
money.

"Fourteen hundred and seventy-six  
dollars!" said 'Bijah, the next morning,  
in answer to the inquiries of the villag-  
ers. "Pretty good interest on twenty  
dollars, ain't it?" he asked Sam Wyck-  
off, who had hastened to congratulate  
him.

As for Mrs. Hawkins, her cup was  
full. Within two days her new silk had  
been bought, Sarah Perkins had been  
engaged for the winter, and 'Bijah, in  
the flush of sudden wealth, had com-  
menced her a bay window for her plants.  
This magnanimous treatment from her  
husband was received by her with be-  
coming gratitude, and she had offered  
to wait until he had deposited the money  
in the bank before she did her shopping.

But 'Bijah was so loath to part with his  
new-found treasure that he gave her the  
pocket-book rather than break the pre-  
cious package, and sent her on her way,  
saying that he would deposit the money  
next week when he would be going to  
Hadleyville.

The consciousness of ownership was  
so enjoyable and so strong that he al-  
most dreaded the day when the money  
would leave his possession. He counted  
and recounted the worn old bills, each  
time feeling an added satisfaction in the  
action, as he had never before handled  
or come in contact with such a quantity  
of money.

Early on the following Monday he  
and Sam Wyckoff started for Hadley-  
ville. 'Bijah was in a jovial mood  
throughout the drive; the money was  
securely fastened in his coat pocket by  
means of large shawl pins, and as they  
rode along he went over the story of his  
purchase, laying special emphasis upon  
the shrewdness of his judgment, and  
then in a self-commendatory man-  
ner telling what he had done for Mrs.  
Hawkins.

Sam kept his own counsel, for he well  
knew the measure of 'Bijah's generos-  
ity prior to the finding of the money.

After reaching Hadleyville they  
stopped at the first bank, and with an  
air of importance 'Bijah accompanied  
by Sam, stepped forward to the teller's  
desk.

"I've got a deposit that'll kinder sur-  
prise you this mornin', Mr. Daniels,"  
said he to the teller.

"Glad to hear it, Mr. Hawkins."

"There it is," said 'Bijah, triumph-  
antly, slapping the bundle of bank notes  
down upon the receiving plate.

"Pshaw!" whistled the teller, hum-  
oring the depositor's whim. "That's quite  
a pile."

No sooner had the first bill slipped  
through his fingers than he stopped  
counting, gave the bill a sudden snap,  
smoothed it out and laid it aside. This  
process he repeated with bills taken at  
random from the pile, then rapidly  
counted the package. Gathering the  
bills together, he walked over to the  
cashier. A conversation followed, car-  
ried on in low tones, after which the  
cashier walked to the vault, from which  
he took a package of bills. These he  
compared with 'Bijah's, and the com-  
parison appeared to confirm some opin-  
ion held by himself and the teller, for  
they turned and looked suspiciously  
toward the depositor.

'Bijah, who had followed every mo-  
tion with increasing uneasiness, de-  
manded anxiously,—

"What's the matter with the bills?  
Ain't they good?"

"Where did you get this package of  
money, Mr. Hawkins?" inquired the  
cashier, an old gray-haired man.

"Why, I found 'em," replied 'Bijah,  
forthwith giving a hasty account of the  
discovery.

The cashier listened attentively to the  
story, and, at its conclusion, said sim-  
ply,—

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hawkins, but those  
bills are counterfeit."

"What?" cried 'Bijah, "counterfeits?"  
How do you know?"

"How do I know?" repeated the  
cashier, somewhat nettled. "How do  
you know a sound pumpkin from a bad  
one? Experience? Yes. Well, that's  
the way we know counterfeit money  
from genuine. Furthermore, Mr. Haw-  
kins, we have evidence which cannot be  
questioned. Thomas Miner's brother  
was at one time cashier of this bank.  
Through his agency we lost a consid-  
erable sum of money, but he was saved  
from prosecution by Thomas Miner  
who made good the loss. You do not  
know, however, by what method the  
bank was robbed. I will tell you.  
Miner, when he was cashier, in some  
way became the tool of a gang of coun-  
terfeits. The 'queer' money was placed  
with him, and he exchanged it for the  
bank's good bills. This system of  
counterfeit money aggregating a large  
amount was found among our packages.  
Those bills just now taken from the  
vault for purposes of comparison were  
some of the original lot. Those brought  
by you are precisely of the same issue  
and were, no doubt, found by Thomas  
Miner after his brother's death and se-  
creted in his own house."

During this explanation, 'Bijah's face  
had expressed successively doubt, greed,  
exasperation and finally despair. At  
the conclusion of the cashier's story he  
sat slowly in a weak voice,—

"It must be as you say. If the  
money's bad, burn it up."

Motioning to Sam to follow he left  
the bank, nor did he open his lips dur-  
ing the return journey.

That night he told Mrs. Hawkins of  
the day's disclosure, concluding discon-  
solately,—

"I mean to stand by my word, Jane,  
you can keep your silk dress and Sarah  
too, and I'll put in that bay window;  
but never let me hear one word more  
about old Tom's money. Oace being  
such a fool's enough!"

And it was. As for Adzette Dobbs,  
she declared that 'Bijah found some-  
thing besides counterfeit in the old  
floor beams, and that something was a  
neek an' openhanded bearin'.

The reward of one duty is the power  
to fulfil another.—George Eliot.

## ARCTIC LOVERS.

Southward the Ice and Snow have come—  
Strange lovers hand in hand—  
Far wandering from their native home  
To seek a sunny land.

Deserted haunts of bird and bee,  
On branches gaunt and bare,  
They turn with Arctic alacrity  
To gardens of the air.

For weirdly now the Ice and Snow,  
Beneath a golden glow  
Of sunshine, make the branches glow  
With polar fruit and bud.

And yet their orchery is vain,  
For swift as winter night  
The sunshine brings these lovers twain  
A tragedy of light!—Harper's Bazar.

HOW GRANDMOTHER CAME  
HOME.

When the railroad came to Cres-  
ton, Grandmother Wheeler's heart al-  
most broke. Not that the dear old lady  
was opposed to progress—though per-  
haps her definition of the term dif-  
fered a trifle from that accepted by  
a younger and more matter-of-fact  
generation; but whatever her pri-  
vate opinion as to the comparative  
merits of the stage coach and the mod-  
ern Pullman as a means of travel, it  
was not the mere advent of the railroad  
that stirred her wonder and resentment.

These emotions were due to the fact that  
the big, powerful company wanted the  
ground on which her home had stood  
for over forty years, and that the gleam-  
ing rails which she could not help  
thinking had an uncanny and almost evil  
look, were actually to run through her  
flower garden. As for the lilacs and  
the currant bushes, and the big maples  
which shaded the house, she could not  
trust herself to think of their fate.

So Grandmother Wheeler wept and  
wringed her hands, and her heart was  
near breaking.

Her son, Wellington Wheeler, who  
lived in the big city, fifty miles from  
Creston, was not sorry for the innova-  
tion. It had long been a real trial to  
him that his mother insisted on remain-  
ing in the little house where her hus-  
band had died, instead of enjoying the  
luxury of his elegant home. When at  
breakfast one morning he read her pa-  
thetic letter, telling him what seemed  
likely to occur, and asking if nothing  
could be done to prevent it, he smiled  
like a man well pleased.

"The dear old lady will have to come  
to now," he said, "and be made  
comfortable in spite of herself."

But his daughter Florence looked grave.  
She understood better than her father  
did the pain in that fond clinging heart.  
When it had been conclusively proved  
that the railway company was not to be  
induced to alter its mind, Grandmother  
Wheeler bravely submitted to the in-  
evitable, as she had done scores of  
times before in her long life. And now  
that her change of abode was only a  
few weeks in the future, Florence's  
face took on an expression of great  
contentment.

"Did you ever notice," she asked her  
brother Carlton, one evening, "that my  
room is almost the shape of grandpa's  
sitting room; only it's a little larger and  
higher posted, and has more windows?"

Carlton reflected. "I hadn't thought  
about it before, but I guess you're  
right."

"If there were only a door leading to  
the small north chamber," Florence con-  
tinued, "the two would have just the  
same position as her sitting-room and  
the little down stairs bedroom."

"I don't see quite what your getting  
at, sis," said Carlton, humbly. He was  
a well trained brother. Though fre-  
quently he was unable to grasp his sis-  
ter's plans until they were explained to  
him in detail, he never failed to admire  
and approve. Nor was this instance  
an exception to the general rule,  
though he did say doubtfully once:

"It seems a pity for you to give up  
a room you like so well."

And Florence made haste to reply:  
"Like it! How could I help liking  
it? Why, it's just coming home."

Grandmother looked about her and  
an expression of wonderful serenity and  
happiness shone through her tears. In  
the big, unknown wilderness the timid  
heart had found her own dear nest, and  
there she was content.—Zion's Herald.

## GEMS.

The calm sea says more to the thought-  
ful soul than the same sea in storm and  
tumult. But we need the understand-  
ing of eternal things and the sentiment  
of the infinite to be able to feel this.  
The divine state is that of silence and  
repose, because all speech and all actions  
are in themselves limited and fugitive.  
—Amiel's Journal.

All that is best in us struggles for ex-  
pression because it does not belong  
to us alone. No gift, no talent, or  
faculty, is merely private property.—  
Charles G. Ames.

It may indeed be more blessed to  
give than to receive; but, when the  
former luxury is not within one's honest  
reach, it is blessed, too, to receive from  
those one thoroughly loves.—George S.  
Merriam.

By doing each duty fully as it comes,  
we qualify for more light and greater  
aptitude for succeeding duties. Faith-  
fulness day by day in small things will  
make us keen to recognize the divine  
voice with reference to greater things.  
—Chapman.

There is such a thing as a worldly  
spirit, and there is such a thing as an  
unworldly spirit; and, according as we  
partake of the one or the other, the  
savor of the sacrifice of our lives is or-  
dinary, commonplace, poor, and base,  
or elevating, invigorating, useful,  
noble, and holy.—Dean Stanley.

Better the chance of shipwreck on a  
voyage of high purpose than to expend  
life in paddling hither and thither on a  
shallow stream to no purpose at all.—  
Miss Sadgwick.

200-ACRE FARM. About 25 miles out  
from Boston, 15 miles from station, on  
well and spring water, easy terms, no in-  
crease. Price \$15,000. Easy terms, no in-  
crease.

TWO-FAMILY HOUSE with 3 to 4 acres land  
17 miles out. Price \$2200.

CIDER & VINEGAR WORKS TO LEASE.  
For term of years, 18 miles from Boston,  
House of 10 rooms, 1000 sq. ft. of space,  
\$1,000 (built 6 years) and stable room. \$1,000  
to \$1,200, easily made yearly. The entire plant  
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